

# Life

November 29, 1929

PRICE 10 CENTS



*Remote Control*

# NEWTON WAS RIGHT!

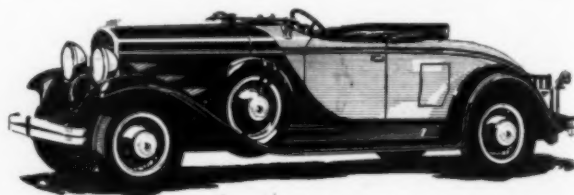


The second great discovery that involved the apple (for we mustn't forget Mrs. Adam), led to Sir Isaac Newton's investigation of gravity. Sir Isaac chose an orchard for his laboratory, and as he mused under the redolent trees, he was struck simultaneously by a winesap and an idea—that the surest, quickest way to get from one place to another is to DROP! Working under much less pastoral conditions, Chrysler engineers applied the same principle to the fuelizing system of the new Chrysler "77" and "70".

In these cars, gasoline, in going from the carburetor to the cylinders, runs down hill, following Nature's law. The result is an incomparable improvement in fuelization with an actual gain in horsepower and an economy of operation that increases the efficiency of these cars some 18%.

Down-draft carburetion has long been used in airplanes because it is positive. For when the carburetor of an airplane fails, it's usually inconvenient to call a service station.

So, too, these new Chryslers are built to operate just as efficiently and unfailingly as if the garage man were miles—even a planet—away. It is one of the many engineering advancements that make Chrysler owners even more enthusiastic about these new cars than they were about the progenitors of this illustrious family.



New Chrysler "77" Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1625  
(Special equipment extra)

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# CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCTS

# AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED



*AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE  
beckons all to cultivate knowl-  
edge. Tyranny, intolerance and  
poverty wither as schools grow  
in this great land of opportunity.*



## "TOASTING DID IT"—

*Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed from the tobaccos harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) present in cigarettes manufactured in the old-fashioned way. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.*

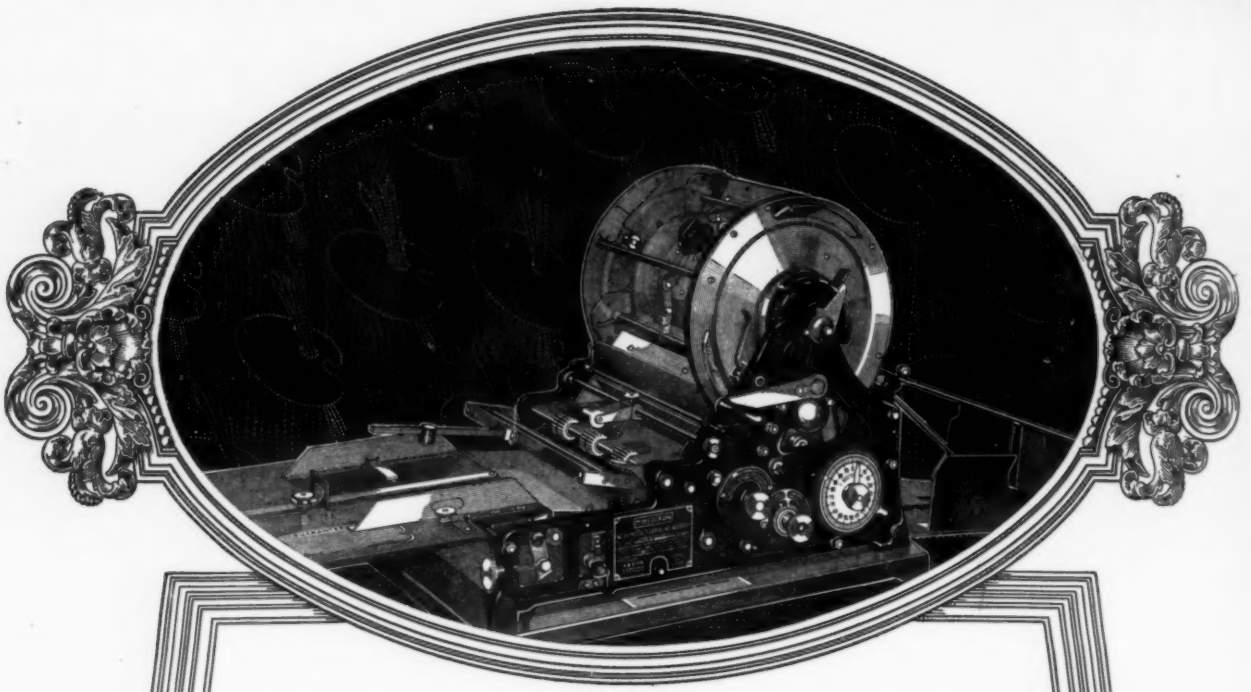
# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

©1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

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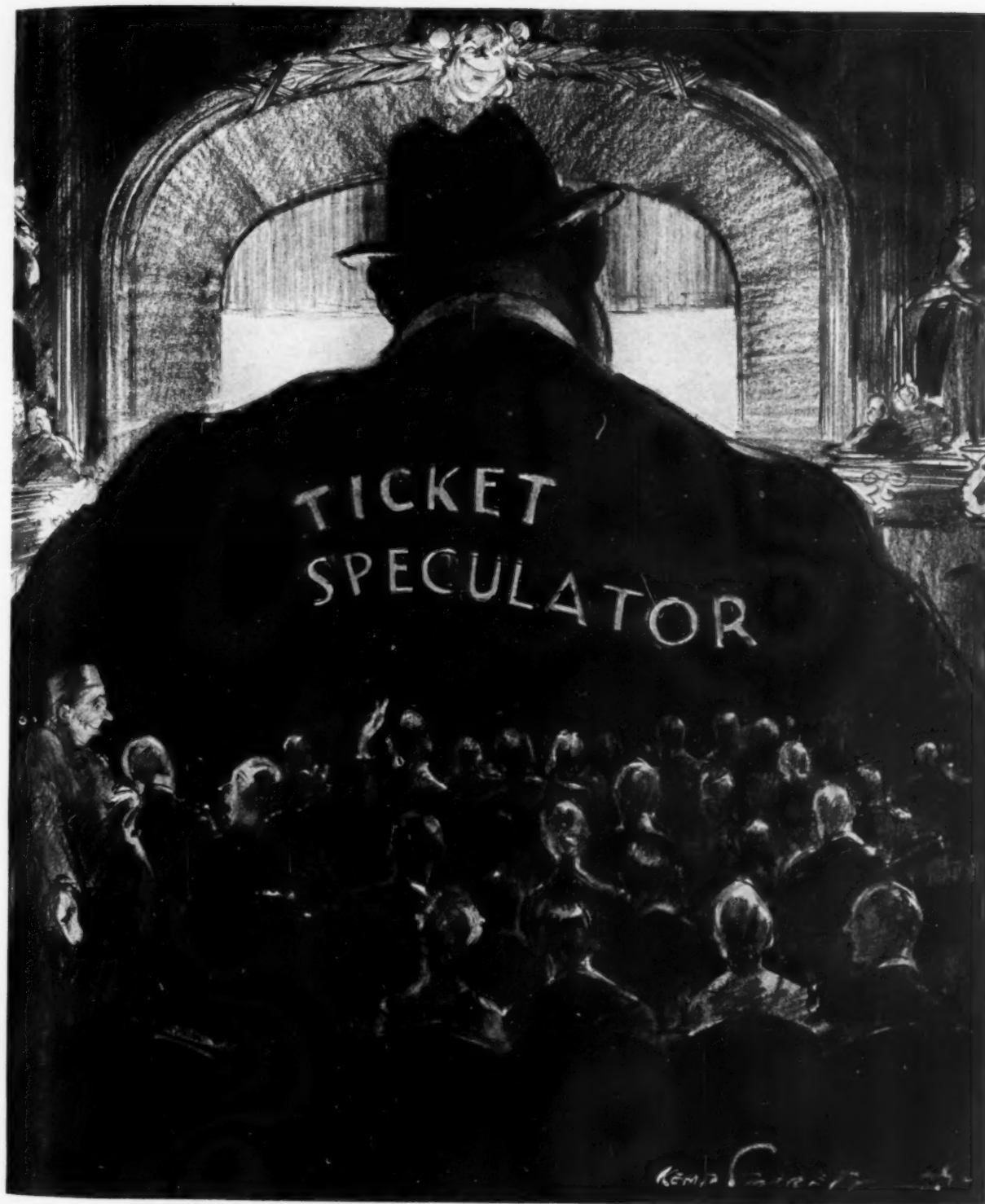
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# M I M E O G R A P H





# Life



*The Seat Hog.*



*"You haven't been in our new apartment—the view from our kitchen window is simply marvelous."*

### Tabloid Lyric

A blonde . . . and a cry . . . and a  
come-hither eye . . .

"DEFENDANT NOT GUILTY OF  
KILLING HER GUY!"

A broker . . . a chat . . . and a gift  
of a hat . . .

"DANCER SUES DADDY FOR  
LEAVING HER FLAT!"

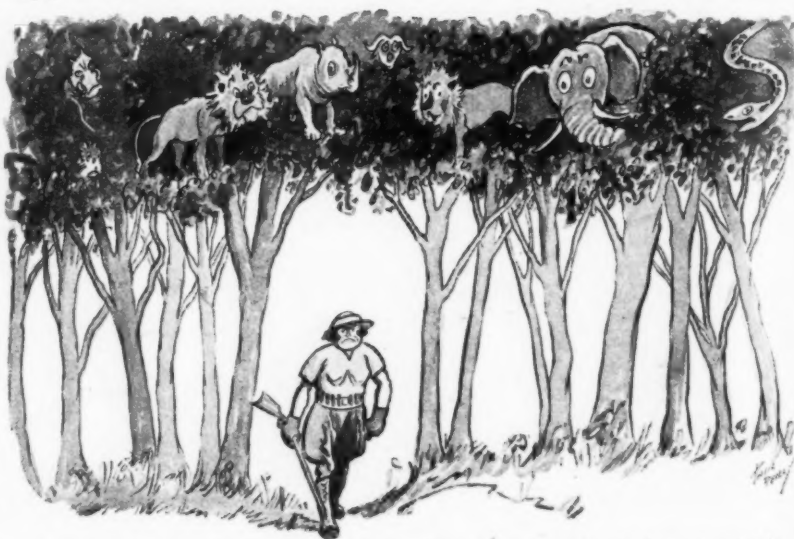
A man with connections . . . a sweetie  
. . . detections . . .

"WIFE WANTS A MILLION FOR  
HUSBAND'S AFFECTIONS!"

A neighborhood quiet . . . a bottle  
. . . "Here, try it . . ."

"TWENTY-FIVE COPS QUELL A  
SPEAKEASY RIOT!"

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



AFRICAN LION: *From now on, boys, this country's not safe for us animals.*

### Scott Shots

Now that the long skirt is fashionable for women, perhaps the long marriage will stage a come-back too.

The trouble with giving the people what they want is that they can put you in jail for it.

One swallow does not make a summer, but one janitor can make a tough winter.

Bal-Shazzar was horrified by the writing on the wall, but it couldn't have been as bad as the talking on the screen.

The cup that cheers is never a paper one.

To a reformer what's none of his business is business.

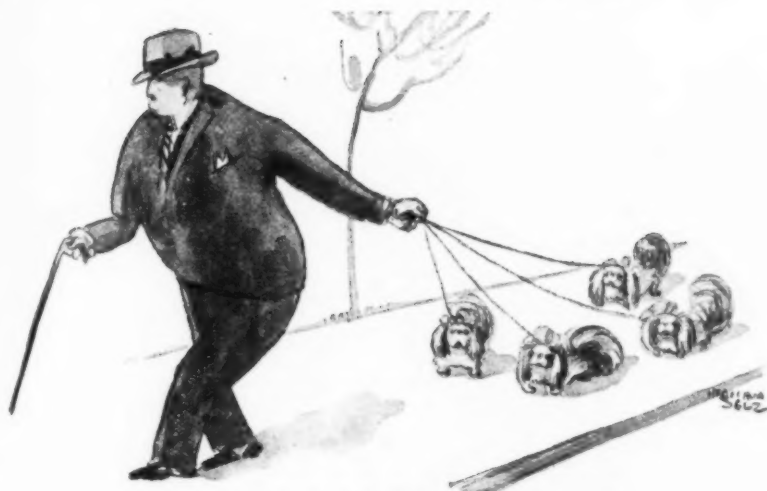
If all the world's a stage we know a lot of people who are still in rehearsal.

New York Motto—It's never too late to arrive at the theatre.

One advantage of being in society is that if you go on a party you can always look in the social column in the morning and find out where you were.

New Yorkers will stand for anything but a woman in the subway.

—W. W. Scott.



*The man who looked after his wife's interests.*

### Little By Little

We recently moved into one of these cute little studio apartments. Entering into the spirit of the thing, we usually indulge in small talk—which does not go so big with the wife. No pictures on the walls—only miniatures. Japanese dwarf plants and a toy dog. We're both wearing abbreviated clothing: I wear shorts, and my wife scanties. On our five-foot book-shelf-let you'll find "Little Women," "The Small Bachelor," "The New Guinea Pygmies," "Gulliver in Lilliput," and other booklets. For breakfast I have a couple of fish eggs and a demi-tasse. No more fighting about my salary, as it fits in very well with the general idea—and besides, there's not enough room to swing a cat, much less swing at each other. I've taken to doing very little. My wife didn't have to learn to do that. Oh, yes, Mr. S. and Mrs. S. are doing small things in a big way now.

—Hal Smith.

Most of us could live quite comfortably, and maybe save a little, on the money we tell others we make.

So Arthur Brisbane says again that a gorilla could whip any of our prize fighters. And we say maybe a gorilla could write better editorials.

A debutante tells us that it is easy to find a man with a flask of Scotch, if you have the flask of Scotch.

The weather is balmy in summer and so are the people, but in winter the weather isn't balmy.

### Doggerel The Hot Dog

Another dog you daily see  
With neither pups nor pedigree,  
A hound that's favored by the Yank:  
The omnipresent, red-hot frank!  
A dog who neither barks nor bites  
But shamelessly appears in tights.  
He doesn't jump, he doesn't stroll  
But much prefers a little roll,  
Emerging from it no whit flustered  
By being greased with gooey mustard.  
A vicious dog, too small to bite us,  
He gives the human race gastritis!

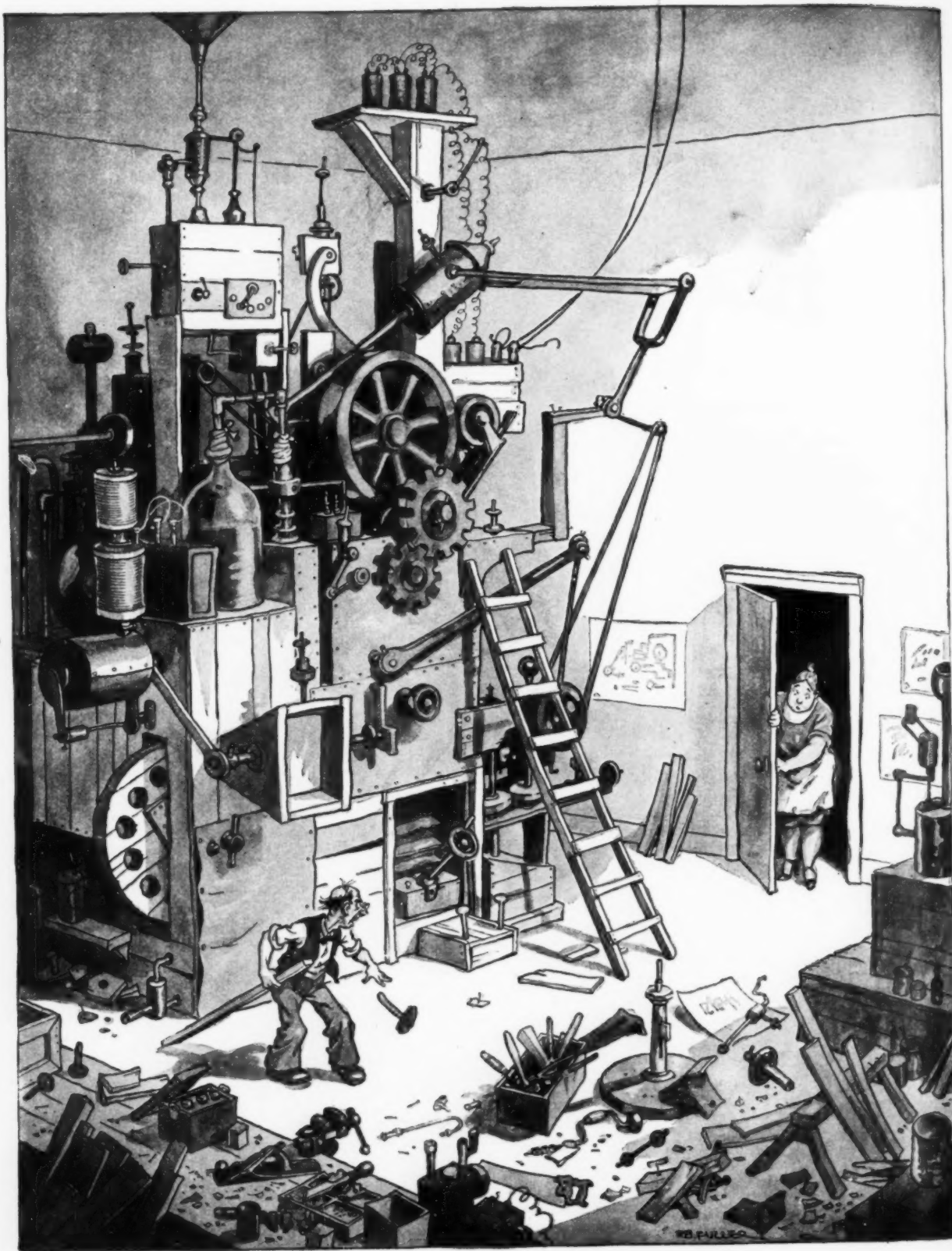
—Arthur L. Lippmann.

One advantage to arriving at a party late is you can see by the others that you mustn't drink too much.



*The toothpaste manufacturer goes in for mounted heads.*





INVENTOR'S WIFE: *Henry, th mousetrap needs fixin'.*



# Short Stories of Life



## Bum

By

Fowler duPont

**G**IN," said Sweeney. "Going to drink that stuff again, eh?" said Farragut.

"Yes," said Sweeney. Then after a moment: "I didn't like what you said about me bein' a bum."

"I didn't," said Farragut.

"Yes, you did. You said if I had a daughter she'd be a worse bum than me. You said I'd have given her no chance."

"I meant it, Mike. You know you're a bum. Look at you! Haven't held a job more than a month in ten years. Where'd you be now if I hadn't helped you?"

Sweeney was brooding. "I suppose your kid's got a swell chance!"

"Yes, Mike," said Farragut. "She has a swell chance now."

"What's she doin'?" Still at school, I suppose."

"She finished last month. She's got a job now in a stockbroker's office."

"Stockbroker's office! Yeah, she's got a swell chance, all right! Chance to get herself necked by a lot of rich guys. Your overtime slavin' to put her through school certainly has given her a swell chance. You made a boob of yourself!"

Tom Farragut was too surprised to be angry. More drinks came and he sat for a long time watching his friend. He wondered why he had always seen that Sweeney got home, and had a new job and never stayed in jail for more than a few days at a stretch. . . . It made him mad, this utterly helpless bum, criticizing him.

"Look at you, Sweeney, been here an hour and had six drinks. Want more, too, I suppose!"

"Yes," said Sweeney. "Tell me some more about your kid and her swell chance."

"Don't talk about my kid!" said Farragut.

"Lissen, Tom," said Sweeney. "Lissen at me a minute, you ain't got me right. I'm no bum, really. I was a pretty good guy once, when I had a wife."

Startled, Farragut stared at him. "A wife? You never had a wife."

In one end of the room a negro start-

"She's been dead," said Sweeney, "for twenty years."

Farragut wanted to get home. "Bill!" he yelled at the bar-keep, "give my little friend something to hop him up before he drowns."

"Mean it, Tom? Might act funny on a guy as old as him."

"Sure I mean it. How can I get him home this way?"

The man behind the bar did mysterious things with powders and glasses. A smirking waiter pushed the drink under Sweeney's nose. He drank it. A few minutes later he said, "Ungh." Farragut knew he was ready to go. He pulled out his watch and saw it would be dark out and he could probably get Mike home without being picked up.

Farragut and Sweeney went out to the street and started walking uptown under the El. Sweeney went along tractably enough; too tractably, Tom thought, for his very quietness frightened him a little because of the hop-up he'd been given.

Suddenly he straightened.

"Tom Farragut," said Sweeney in a voice whose timbre sounded shaky in its strength, as though it had lain unused too long, "I'm going to show you something tonight. You

and your kid and your swell chance stuff. I'm going to make a boob of you and it's coming to you for the way you razzed me for what sort of a break my kid would have got if I'd had one!"

And with a surer step than Farragut had ever seen, Sweeney turned and strode off across town.

Across Madison they went and stopped at last outside a grey stone building with a lighted awning before it.

"We wait for a while now, over there in the shadow," said Sweeney.

A constant stream of motors drove

(Continued on Page 29)



Then he realized that Mike was actually talking to her.

ed pounding a stained piano. It was a horrible piano, all out of tune. The moment it began loosing its discord tears came into Sweeney's eyes.

"I never took a drink till I was thirty, Tom. I never ran 'round with women any to speak of. I never did a damn thing wrong. Really, I ain't a bum—things just went wrong for me."

"Aw, cut it out. I've heard that story every Saturday for ten years—except the wife part of it."

Sweeney choked. A tear rolled down his cheek and fell with a little splash into his glass.



"Git out! Vamoos! Them's my feet you dang near stepped on!"

### Diary Of A Gag Man

Nov. 1st . . . A policeman knocked at the door today. He told me that it was against the law to shake a mop out of the window. I explained that it wasn't a mop. It was my wife. He asked me "Where do you get all of your funny ideas?" His uniform is a trifle snug but then there are always fancy dress parties. . . .

Nov. 3rd . . . Was taken unexpectedly sober today when a "have one on me friend" in a speakeasy asked me "Is your wife entertaining lately?" Maybe this will explain the Rothstein case.

Nov. 4th . . . Poor Fanny. I might have married her but she slipped up on that old one . . . "it must be fun being a professional humorist, I'll bet you laugh all day long." . . . Her notch on the dresser was easily eradicated with plastic wood.

Nov. 8th . . . Four more people with a "swell idea I thought you might be able to work up and sell." A few crass friends sent floral offerings.

Nov. 10th . . . Found a vaudeville headliner using five of my stock gags to great applause. Finally bargained with an electrician to short circuit his light billing for a dollar and a half.

Nov. 15th . . . The ole gat jammed when the doctor said "you are a proud father of twins." A pawn broker complained about the slight blood stain on the butt but finally gave me ten dollars for it.

Nov. 20th . . . When I asked the editor what he would give me for this intimate diary, he retorted "one hour to leave town!!" —Ed Graham.



New Invention

The oilcloth tape which speculators may read under a cold shower thus avoiding high blood pressure.

There are people who have been playing ping pong for years and years, but we only started last week and have finished already.

The only way a youngster can break windows without being spanked is to wait until he grows up and get a job as a fireman.

You don't have to tie a string around your finger to remind yourself to pour another drink.



## Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

I find life to be not only a complete illusion or mirage which changes and so escapes or eludes one at every point, but the most amazing fanfare of purely temporary and always changing and ever vanishing and, in the main, clownish and ever ridiculous interests that it has ever been my lot to witness—interests which concern at best the maintenance here of innumerable selfish, self-centered, and cruel organisms whose single and especial business it is to exist each at the expense of the other—no more and no less. If only it were by cutting each other's hair—and no more. —*Theodore Dreiser.*

A man, well to do, needs three radio sets, two for the family, one for the servants. —*Arthur Brisbane.*

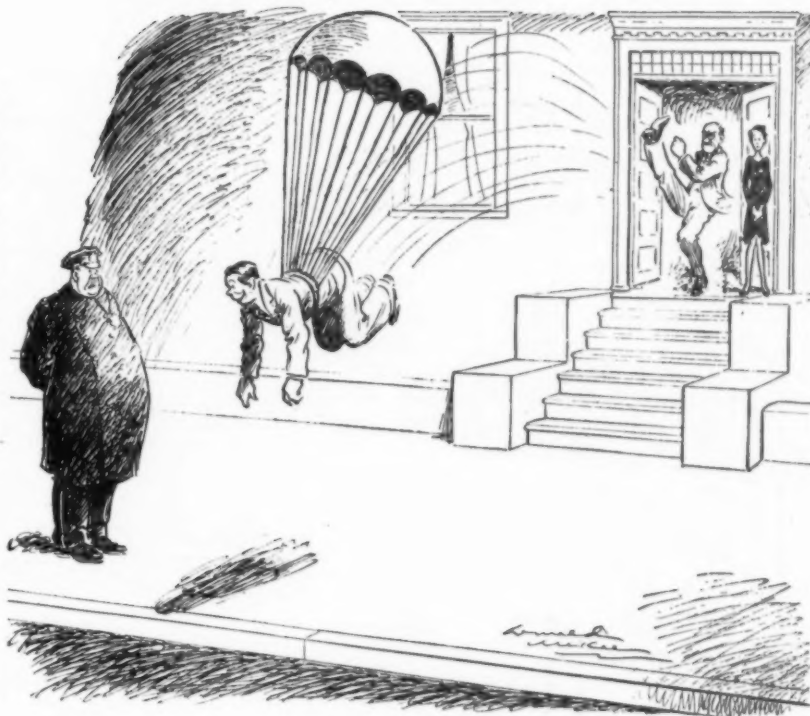
Dramatic criticism is, has been and eternally will be as bad as it possibly can. —*George Bernard Shaw.*

Education has been a bad influence. —*Bruce Barton.*

You can't be both a liar and a successful salesman. —*William Wrigley, Jr.*



"Papa, what are all those round things?"  
"Those, my child, are what are known as the best circles."



"My girl's father was the famous punter on the Princeton team of '99, and I've kept it in mind."

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: The story you couldn't tell a lady before the war.

Disillusionment comes from going back-stage after a performance, or from opening a friend's mail, or from meeting a lodge brother who belongs to a chapter in a distant city.

After witnessing an auto wreck you drive carefully for several blocks.

## It Sims To Me

The worst thing about winter nights is if your feet finally do get nice and warm, you've overslept.

The thermometer can't read the weather man's forecasts.

Once you could foretell a change in the weather by the rheumatic pains in your joints, and now you can tell by the agony in your radio.

Breaking a mirror was once considered a sign of bad luck, but now the angles of the shattered glass make it appear modernistic.

Maybe you think you've had fun, but have you ever taken a few drinks and tried to fold up a collapsible music stand?

Four or five restaurant pancakes, dried and varnished and strung up, make a melodious dinner gong.

Rouge in haste and repaint at leisure. —*Tom Sims.*



Impressions of Magazine Offices.  
*The Wall Street Journal.*

# Life at Home



NEW YORK—The first hundred books are the hardest for an author. After that it is easy. This on the authority of Edgar Wallace, British writer of mystery stories, who is visiting us. *And also the first hundred visiting English writers.*

ATLANTA—Sam Feldman, a grocer, has one customer he would like to lose, a negro who never buys but takes.

Five times early this year the negro appeared at Feldman's grocery and, armed with a pistol, helped himself to the contents of the cash register.

For several months the negro has been missing, but last night he appeared again with the laconic, "I'm back," and helped himself to \$45.

"Where have you been?" Feldman asked.

"On my vacation."

MINNEAPOLIS—Mrs. Paul Gilbert, thirty-one, read lots of detective stories and got the idea she could outsmart the police. That was her explanation when arrested on a burglary charge. "I really wasn't in need," said Mrs. Gilbert, "but the idea of outwitting the police appealed to me."



RICHMOND, Va.—The Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church desires that its ministers be permitted to use tobacco. The Rev. Ernest Stephen argued "there is no sin inherent in the use of tobacco." The Rev. W. B. Jett replied: "If we are to ask our young preachers to smoke, why not have every young woman sit cross-legged smoking a cigar?"

"Facial, sir?"



PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Opportunity for local males to get barbered by a member of the gentler sex will be offered when Mrs. Zula Arnold, former beauty shop attendant, opens her barber shop here "for men only."

Men, says Mrs. Arnold, are "more generous than women," "less vain" and "not so cantankerous."

NEWARK, N. J.—Frank Urban was observed pursuing a peculiarly zigzag and slanting course down Morris Ave., and police found him steering with one hand, and holding a compass with the other. Arraigned before Recorder Stenning he pleaded not guilty to driving while intoxicated and explained that he was trying to steer by dead reckoning but that the engine, magnet and other machinery had affected the magnetic needle.

DETROIT—Mrs. Margaret Hopp asked \$5,000 from Mrs. Elizabeth Grabman for alienation of her husband's affections.

The jury, after listening to evidence, decided it was worth double that and awarded the plaintiff \$10,000.

BOSTON, Mass.—Mrs. Julie Hurd was granted a divorce after she had portrayed her husband, Ray Hurd, as being of such a literary disposition that he spent the coal money for books. Instead, he bought a United States history with it, in eight volumes. *The Boston sense of humor.*

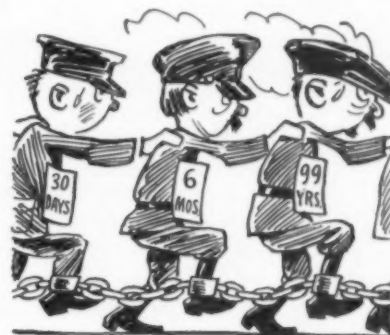
TOMS RIVER, N. J.—Ulysses S. Grant intends to fight petters if it takes all summer. He is director of the County Board of Freeholders and has summoned them to action because of use of the court house as a rendezvous.

CHICAGO—Carlo Oliviero, grocer, confessed that he carried bombs as part of his stock. "Heavy bombs," which could do real damage, he sold for \$75 apiece, and light "scare bombs" for \$13.

SAN FRANCISCO—E. C. Horst reports that League of Nations Statistics show that since the advent of prohibition, savings deposits in the U. S. increased 11%. During the same period in all other countries without prohibition, the increase was 45%.

NEW YORK—The Moderation League quotes statistics from U. S. Census reports to prove that the death rate from alcoholism is rising in practically every state in the Union. And this does not include the deaths from poisoned or wood alcohol.

## and Elsewhere



BUCHAREST—A new punishment will be introduced for reckless chauffeurs by the Rumanian Minister of Justice.

Chauffeurs causing an accident will be led through the streets in chains and carrying a tablet stating their sentences. Besides they will have to serve their regular sentences.





"I know the car is broken, dear, but the electricity is off and we haven't any ice—so will you please hitch up the horse and run down and get me some?"

### Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *sealer* with an *e* and get a convict's hope.
- (2) Scramble *stares* with a *c* and get something worth staring at.
- (3) Scramble *prime* with a *u* and get the prime villain of baseball.
- (4) Scramble *amidst* with a *u* and get the best part of a college.
- (5) Scramble *hours* with a *c* and get some entertaining girls.
- (6) Scramble *tenor* with a *t* and get a criticism of his voice.

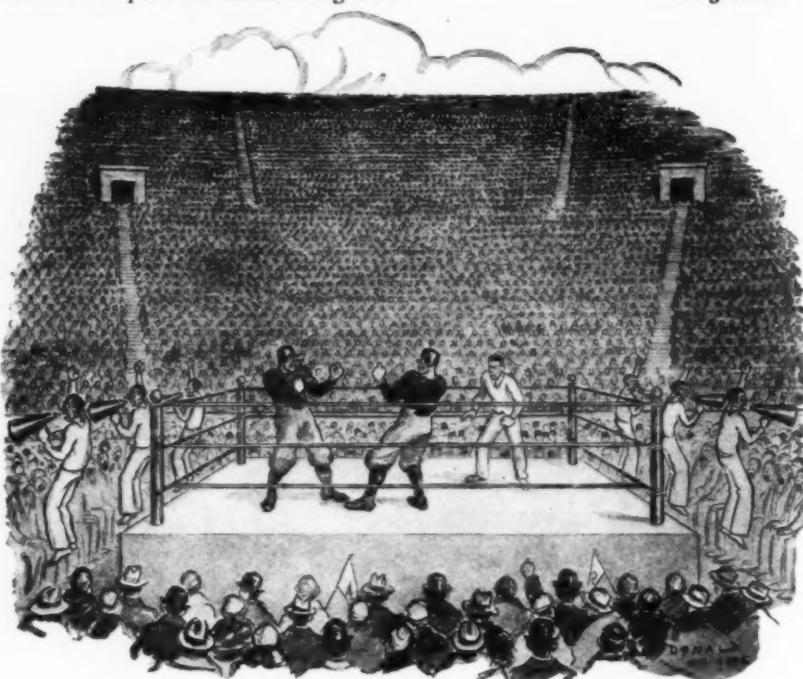
Answers on page 31.

Piano keys will soon attain a high polish if you put on soft woolen gloves and play Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.

Open fires are better. Imagine saying to a girl, "Who's itsy bitsy witsy is you?" while staring at a clanking radiator.

And then we have the traffic jam song: Denting Tonight.

The instant an announcer at a football game signs off you must dash over and twist the dial, or jerk the plug out of the socket, because if you don't the station will put on a studio string trio.



Now, why not be sensible and efficient and take the simplest way to please the football crowd?

### Graham Crackers

#### Ode To A Broker

Father plays margins on Wall Street  
Brother plays horses to win  
Mother plays bridge at a penny a point  
But somehow no money rolls in.

#### Carnegie Foundation Humor

"He's a Phi Beta Kappa man."  
"The dirty professional!"

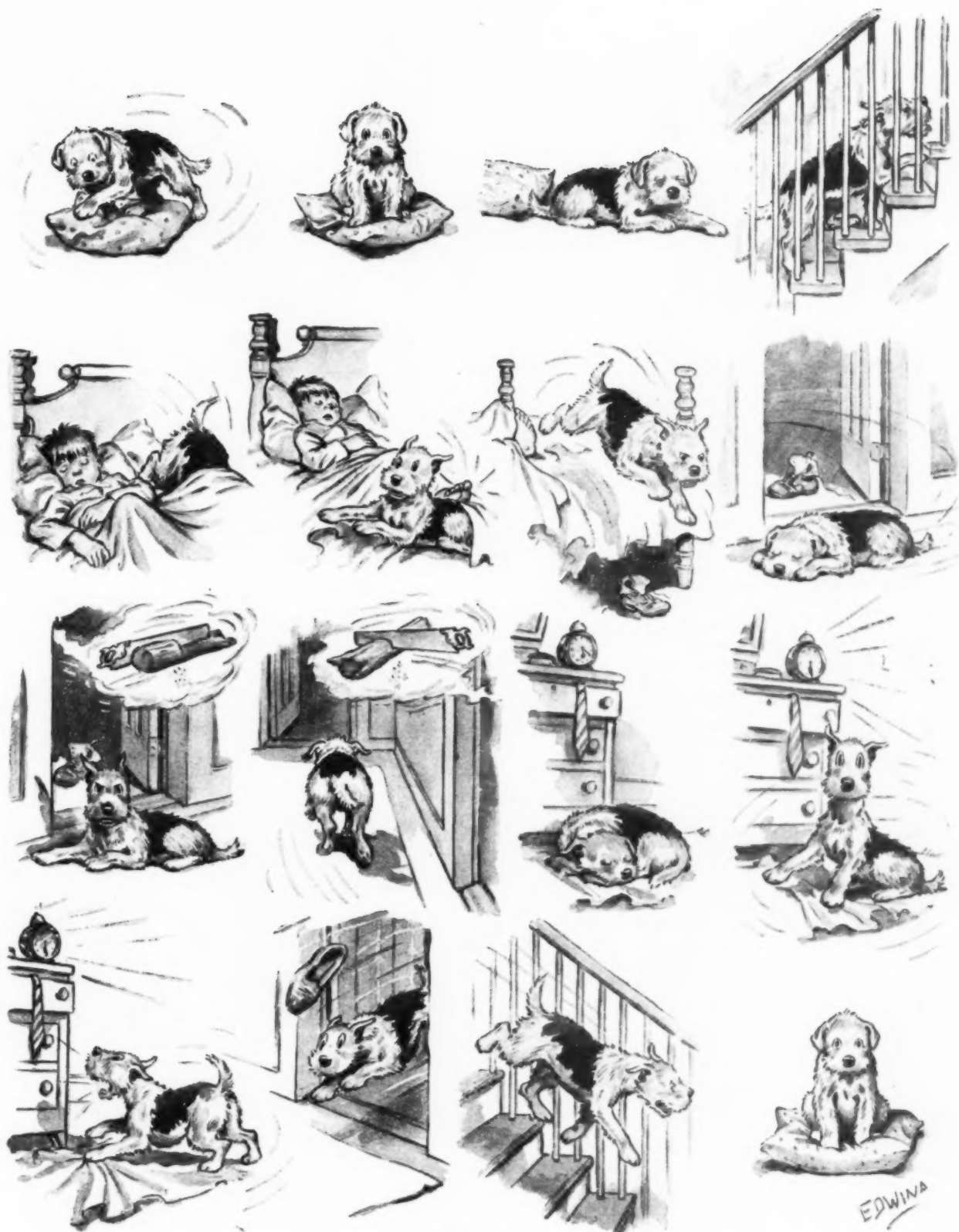
Once there was a guy who built a better mousetrap and the world beat a path to his door. So he set up a hot dog stand and died a millionaire.

#### Epitaph for a Hay Fever Victim

Here lies Eben Wheeze  
1897—1929  
Kindly Omit Flowers.

The Women's Press Club of New York is offering \$1,000 in prizes in a contest calculated to prove that the members of the sadistic sex have a sense of humor. It seems to us that nothing further need be said or done save to award the Grand to the gel with the swell sense of humor who thought up the idea in the first place.

—ed. graham.



Sinbad  
"Good Night!"



## Life in Washington

**I**T IS the feeling that when George Moses called the insurgent Republican Senators "sons of wild jackasses" Western etiquette required him to smile. As a result, the smiles are now all on the Democratic side, with the Republocrats from the "backward" States in full control of the Tariff and unwilling to spare the Old Guard one twinge. To make matters worse, some-



By Barksdale Rogers

Senator Johnson whom Hoover forgot to invite to his dinner!

body blundered in the Executive Offices when Hiram Johnson was not invited to the White House dinner for the Foreign Relations Committee. Johnson ruined the Presidential chances of one Republican candidate and helped wreck the pet policy of the last Democrat in the White House.

The official alibi is that the Assistant Secretary of State, Nelson Johnson, was invited by mistake in the Senator's place, or at least, that someone gave the order to "strike out Johnson's name" and that the wrong Johnson was struck. Of course, that isn't true, but the result is that our prospective Minister to China is now generally known as "Strike" Johnson. The President apologized handsomely to Hiram and the incident is closed—like heck!

The Tariff Lobby continues to sizzle appetizingly. Senator Edge of New Jersey is a sharp man, but the smelling committee blunted his zeal when it disclosed that he had written the Southern Tariff Association that the South must "earn" protection. For a moment the gentleman from Jersey tottered on the ragged edge of Binghamism, but was saved for the time being when Senator Brookhart started to babble, babble as he went on about that wet

"Wall Street" party in 1926. He seems to have been able to restrain his indignation for three years.

The vital question of what was in those flasks at the Fahy dinner at the half-past Coolidge election was not materially answered by the testimony of the President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. However, Leo Rover, our local District Attorney, has accepted a roving commission to make the capital go dry with Hoover, and Brookhart proudly read to the Senate a letter nominating himself for membership in the great American "Polecat Club." According to him, Senators Smoot, Gooding and Brookhart were the only legislators who did not look upon Kuhn, Loeb & Co. when the lickster was red.

There is a rumor that poor old Sam Shortridge is thinking of resuming the Shearer investigation. Sam apparently doesn't realize that the only purpose of the Bass Drum ballyhoo was to attract the crowd into Borah's Tariff Tent and to enable the coalition to take charge of the unfortunate Bill. The Presi-



Senator Brookhart of Iowa revealing the facts of a Wall Street dinner,

and Senator Edge of N. J. who he said was there!

dent is said to contemplate refusing to allow the ship companies which hired Shearer to build any more warships. As they are the only private shipyards equipped to build such vessels, we ex-



pect to see a strong "keep-the-government-out-of-business" backfire started from the general direction of Charlie Schwab.

The Senate observed a two-minute silence on Armistice Day. No wonder Borah hates war . . . The Democrats carried Virginia. Bishop Cannon's boom is not very loud these days . . . The business of the country is still fundamentally sound, which explains why Wall Street has a sinking feeling. Only a few hundred millions have been lost in the most recent disturbance. Nothing of any significance, except to the losers. —J. F.

You can tell when you have almost reached your destination in an auto by the heater. It begins to work then.

After the guy who is the life of the party passes out, everyone begins to have a good time.



STENOGRAPHER: My gawd, the time I wasted goin' to business college!



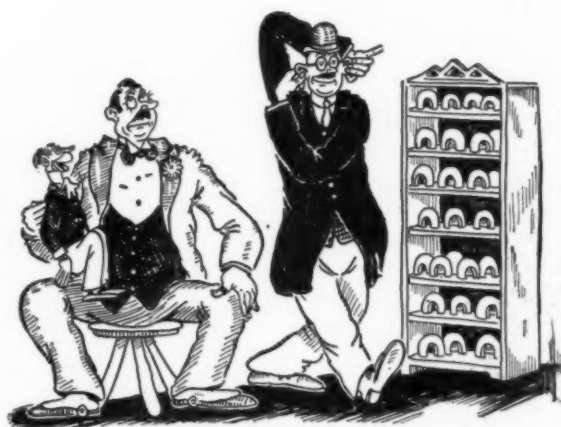
# LIFE's Little Educational Charts.

## Some New and Better Superstitions!

No longer held in awe by the outworn humbug of our old superstitions, the public must now be taught an entirely new set of uncanny beliefs.



Ever since these new superstitions went into effect (on midnight Nov. 19) business men have been watching their step lest they shake hands with a person in front of a screen through which a cat's head is protruding and behind which there is boomerang autographing going on. One who does this is tempting the fates and his business will rapidly slump from medium to only so-so.



Retaining the best features of the old beliefs, the revised superstitions make much use of mystic high-signs to ward off evil fortune. As a safeguard against bad luck at jack straws, ears should be held onto as shown above whenever you pass between a ventriloquist wearing a thumb ring and a book case containing a number of miniature cardboard igloos.



Everyone now admits that four-leaved clovers as luck bringers are impotent. Our revised superstitious system therefore advises the old discouraged clover seekers to go out hunting for bull-fiddle "D" strings that have a taste subtly but unmistakably reminiscent of sassafras tea in which a lentil has been dunked.



According to our new code, youths and maidens should conscientiously avoid kissing in the presence of two pekingeses and a man bearing a makeshift escutcheon, esoterically emblazoned. To kiss under such conditions means that your children will one day suffer acutely from a paucity of stencils.



Reading from Le  
*Senator Votedry; Senator Bluenose; Congressman Right  
 Congressman Raidem; Congressman Ja*



ing from Left to Right:  
 ssman Righteous; Senator Churchgoer; Congressman Bonedry;  
 gressman Jailern; Senator Dryfellow; etc., etc.



# New York Life



## Orphans of The Storm

WELL, the great Wall Street Panic has come and gone, leaving behind it a casualty list that includes practically everybody in the United States but John D. Rockefeller and Knickerbocker, Jr. . . . John D. leaped into the breach and saved the country from further catastrophe by buying up all the low stocks and cleaning up four or five hundred millions so, even if I didn't have enough money to get caught in the great blizzard, I can do my bit by showing those people who were good fellows when they had it how they may still enjoy themselves without spending that last cent.

## Poor But Proud

Many a poor Park Avenueite is sitting around his ten thousand dollar apartment these days wondering how he can pay the rent, what he's going to do with himself that evening and wish-

ing he had that forty-four dollars he paid last month to see *Strictly Dishonorable* . . . as a matter of fact, this dizzy drought may prove a great salvation to Mr. Park Avenue and his stricken brothers and sisters . . . it may improve him mentally . . . this terrible calamity that has befallen him may show him that there are other things in life besides *Delmonico's*, the *Scandals* and the *Lido* . . . that is if he follows my suggestions closely.



## Uses of Adversity

First, there is the Metropolitan Museum . . . this grand old building contains many beautiful paintings and famous pieces of sculpture that Mr. P. A. probably never knew existed and, on visitors' day, he may take his whole family in for nothing! . . . If he will take the time he might study up on the history of art and the men who created these great works and he will not only learn to appre-



ciate the labor behind these masterpieces, but will be astounded by the fact that they were created without a thought of money.

## Free Air

If all he knows of music is sleeping through *Tosca* or *Oop Boop a Doop*, there are many free concerts, to say nothing of lectures, which are apt to surprise and may entertain him . . . if he prefers something not quite so classical, many happy evenings may be spent at practically no expense in front of radio or music stores.

## Free Speech

In case the few things I have mentioned seem a bit heavy to one who needs cheering up, there are other economical diversions . . . for example, listening to soap box orators on street corners is dirt cheap and besides keeping one out in the open air will provide many laughs and possibly a few thoughts . . . the Salvation Army also puts on a good show that wouldn't do Mr. P. A. a bit of harm to listen to.



### Fun For a Dime

If P. A. is one of the more fortunate and isn't entirely broke he can make up for the loss of his *Rolls* by investing ten cents in a bus ride . . . he will get just as much fresh air and will make just as good time through the traffic . . . after a spin about town he can wind up his evening with an hour or two at one of the penny arcades . . . here he may run the very gamut of entertainment for around nineteen cents and then, instead of *Rubens* he can partake of coffee and sinkers at the *Automat*.



### Wine For The Poor

If the gent from the million-dollar highway misses his daily dozen highballs in his favorite speakeasy there is a very simple way of getting around this difficulty without spending any money . . . all he has to do is borrow a policeman's uniform for the evening.



### Manna-About-Town

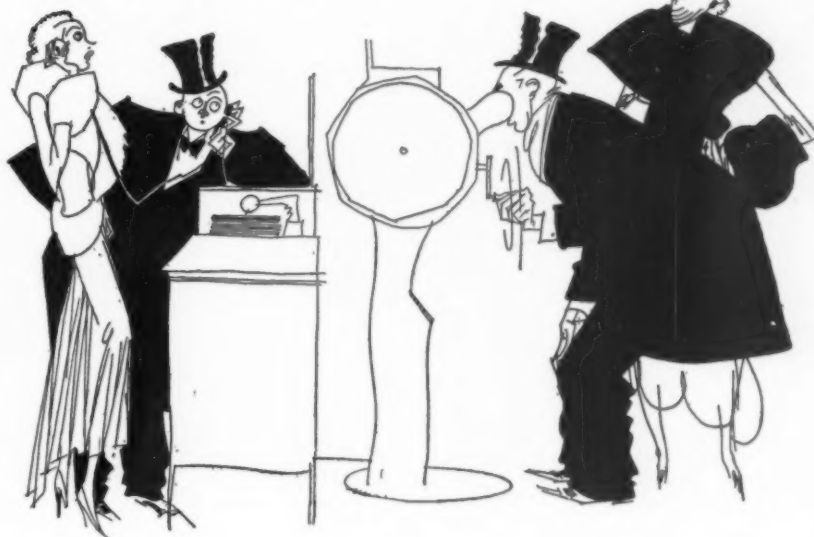
Sign in back of a well-known bar—"We have made an agreement with a pawnbroker that we won't sell any pawn tickets and he won't sell any liquor" . . . a swell show—"Heads Up" with two of our favorites, *Betty Starbuck* and *Barbara Newberry* . . . also the male chorus singing "Ship Without A Sail" also the tune "My Man Is on the Make," and a new find,

*Ray Bolger* . . . the radio gag used in this show is also in four other musical shows . . . elected to the *Hidden Beauties Club*—the first blond from the right in the "Heads Up" chorus . . . the new *Windless Wrist Watches* . . . No, *Otto Kahn* is not *Knickerbocker, Jr.* . . . the train service on the *New York, New Haven*—you can make better time walking . . .

*Knickerbocker Jr.*

### Roll Your Own

If he misses his horses and wants some real invigorating exercise he can swipe little Willie's roller skates, that is, if he hasn't hocked them, and whirl down *Park Avenue*, which is now practically deserted . . . if it is too cold the *Grand Central Upper Level* makes a wonderful skating rink . . . the ramp from the upper level down to the lower level makes a lovely toboggan . . . in fact, the *Directors* of the *New York Central*, realizing the pitiful plight of the *Wall Street* victims, voted to allow roller skating on the upper level between 7 and 11 p. m. . . you are even apt to find the *Directors* themselves whiling away the evening hours in this manner.



# Theatre • by Ralph Barton

**N**OEL COWARD is unquestionably the cleverest young man alive. At the age of twenty-nine, he can write plays, revues and operettas, stage them, and act any of the rôles in them. He can compose songs and lyrics, and sing them, accompanying himself on the piano, the clavi-chord, the Irish harp, the hurdy-gurdy, or (by singing through his nose, American fashion) on the trombone. He is the tennis and badminton champion of Ebury Street; he tangoes and roller-skates divinely, sketches ravishingly in aquarelle, and can recite the Glagolitic alphabet. I have heard it said that he once won an argument from Florenz Ziegfeld over the selection of a chorus girl, but this rumor may perhaps be put down to exaggeration born of his admirers' enthusiasm. No man is as clever as that.

As for Mr. Ziegfeld: it would not only be flagrant *lèse-majesté*, but pure dunderheadedness, to suggest that anyone on the planet can touch him at the great-big, expensive production business. He invented it, he made it what it is today, and what it will be for a good many tomorrows. Whenever any other producer hires two show girls, he is, if he is serious about his work, already beginning to imitate Mr. Ziegfeld. This matter is no secret from the public. If one of Mr. Ziegfeld's first-night audiences should be wiped out by a wave of poison gas, the Social Register and Bradstreet's would be forced to suspend publication until the next generation grows up.

As for Evelyn Laye: England has never produced a fairer damsel—and I don't mean this the way it sounds. I mean that Miss Laye is really devastatingly beautiful and alluring. She is beautiful and alluring here in America, where *all* the women are masterpieces of the Almighty's.

And yet (and this is the part of this review that I have been dreading all week and trying to put off for a column):

I thought "Bitter Sweet" was pretty dull.

I suppose I should go and stand in the corner for having said that—but that is the way I felt. The beat of the operetta never quite caught up with the rivet-metronomed pit-a-pat of my New York heart. They were playing "Hearts and Flowers" while I was whistling "Yankee Doodle" and the

effect was a not very amusing cacophony. I am sure that if one stepped out of the Haymarket into His Majesty's Theatre, where "Bitter Sweet" is playing in London, its graceful sentimental rhythm wouldn't clash so violently with the outside world to which one has become accustomed. But when one battles across Sixth Avenue, after a series of hair-raising races with the traffic lights, with one's eyes fixed on the façade of the Ziegfeld Theatre (so, by the way, like a book-end magnified 1,000 times) as a goal, one's appetite is

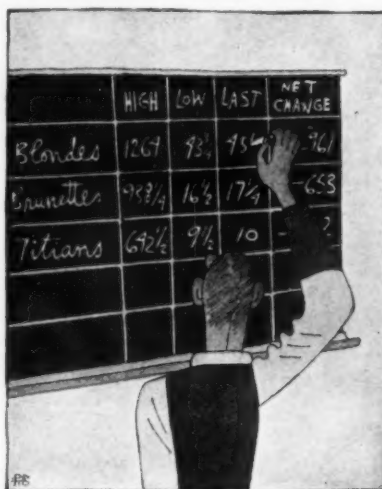
done and fitting very awkwardly into tough, low-down 1929.

Of course, if you don't like 1929 (I am completely gone on it, myself) "Bitter Sweet" would be just the thing to help you get away from it all for a couple of hours, and for a very pleasant couple of hours, too.

**H**EADS UP!" around at the Alvin Theatre, is exactly the sort of thing that does fit into the New York of 1929. It has a nice, stupid book, a batch of good hoofers, whistable music, gaudy costumes, a chorus that can dance like everything, and all the best gags of the season, including a radio which answers questions. The sentiment is sticky and foolish, as it should be, and the principals lope around the stage in halos of white light, grinning vacuously and peeping out into the audience during the love scenes and dramatic moments, to show that they are just fooling and that the whole thing is meant in fun.

The show is proud in the possession of Jack Whiting, the excellent red-headed hero of "Hold Everything," Victor Moore, with a very funny scene in the galley of a yacht, Barbara Newberry, who can dance, Betty Starbuck, who fills the frivolous moments with humor and grace, Robert Gleckler (of all people!) who was the speakeasy proprietor in "Broadway," and the First Chorus Girl of the Land, that patent-leather-haired, Japanese-looking one who usually does her setting-up exercises in the second or third place from the right end. And the music is by Richard Rodgers, whose work is far more popular than such good work generally gets to be. There are four songs in the show, "Why Do You Suppose," "My Man Is on the Make," "Knees," and "A Ship Without a Sail," which will probably wear down a good many phonograph needles during the next few months.

In its original form, the show was called "Me for You" and the story had to do with a young Coast Guard officer's romance with a society girl. This book was thrown away and a new one, dealing with a young Coast Guard officer's romance with a society girl, was written. Although the new title seems to me inferior to the old one, the new story is obviously vastly superior in its popular appeal.



	HIGH	LOW	LAST	NET CHANGE
Blondes	1267	93	75	-361
Brunettes	982 1/4	16 1/2	17 1/4	-653
Titians	672 1/2	9 1/2	10	-2

The Latest Quotations from Broadway.

whetted for a catchy tune and a funny comedian, not to mention a platoon of Tiller Girls.

"Bitter Sweet" haughtily disowns catchy tunes, comedians and Tiller Girls. It is as like the dear, dead 1880's and 1890's, in which its story is laid, as a horsehair sofa—that is to say, it is quaint and fetching and makes you fidget. The best things in it lose force by being connotative. For example, the quartet of "greenery, yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave" young men would make up for the absence of comedians to one soaked in the lore of "Patience," of The Yellow Book, of Hichens and Holbrook Jackson—if you could find such a one along Sixth Avenue. So with the costumes, the settings in Belgrave Square and Vienna, the story, the music and the rest of the entertainment. It is an exact, delicate and intelligent reproduction of the mood of 1880-1890, miraculously well





THE NEW TOAST OF NEW YORK.  
*Miss Evelyn Laye in "Bitter Sweet."*

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "Sweetie"

**S**WEETIE" will be enjoyed by everybody except that small, select group of idealists who are looking forward to the day that will bring forth the great American movie exemplifying the true spirit of great American universities. "Sweetie" is just another movie portrayal of college life and it exemplifies nothing more important than a lot of swell fun, but if you are looking for first-class talkie entertainment, here it is.

In choosing a college setting the producers passed up the names of all schools that pay their football coaches more than ten thousand dollars a season, which brought them all the way down to Pelham, usually referred to as Dear Old Pelham, of Pelham, North Carolina. Next door to Pelham is one of those girls' schools from which Mr. Ziegfeld and the movie producers get their most effective blondes, and the warm feeling of comradeship that exists between the two student bodies is going to cause a lot of kids to look around for institutions of this character before selecting a medium through which they may attain a higher education.

The most potent factor in the success of "Sweetie" is Jack Oakie, a young man who has come along so rapidly during the past few months that he is now firmly established as one of our most satisfactory screen comedians. It seems that Jack and Nancy Carroll are doing an act in a musical show when Nancy is informed that she has inherited Dear Old Pelham. She leaves the show to take over the management of the school and Jack goes along for no apparent reason and joins up as a

student. You can see from this that the thing is not going to make much sense, but when the fun gets under way you soon realize that the director is not taking the plot any more seriously than you are.

One of Mr. Oakie's first acts after becoming a student is to write a school song which he insists that the students adopt in place of their sad Alma Mater dirge. The title of Jack's masterpiece is "Alma Mammy," and when he renders it in the manner of Al Jolson you

ham's big football hero, and William Austin is clever as the headmaster. Mr. Smith's vocal contribution is a catchy tune entitled, "Sweeter Than Sweet." In addition to the singing, the principals and their fellow students put on some warm hoofing with a vim and enthusiasm that is reminiscent of that enjoyable stage success, "Good News."

In the story Pelham's traditional prep school rival is Oglethorpe. May we remind the Paramount Company that there is an Oglethorpe—that it is a college—and that it has one of the toughest little football teams in the South. For details write Manhattan College.

"Sweetie" is lots of fun.

## "Broadway Scandals"

**B**ECAUSE of the popularity that has been enjoyed by song-and-dance talkies written around stories of backstage life, every producer has been in a stew to get one of these films on the market. "Broadway Scandals" is the result of a feverish effort by Columbia to cash in on the

idea (which has already been overworked) and the result is a very bad picture.

An interesting feature is the introduction of an old friend, Carmel Myers, as a talking and singing star, and with all fairness it must be said that, under more favorable conditions, she may prove to be a satisfactory performer. At the premier of "Broadway Scandals" Miss Myers sang the song she features in the film, and her agreeable stage voice leads us to believe that the recording in the picture is unusually poor.

The other featured players are Sally O'Neil and Jack Egan. Miss O'Neil

(Continued on Page 30)



"You must walk with us in the country sometime, Mr. Spilky."

will get a laugh that is worth the price of admission.

Although Miss Carroll is as efficient and decorative as usual, the bouquet for entertainment value must be handed to Helen Kane. You will remember Miss Kane as the young lady whose unrequited affection for the opposite sex is always expressed in songs about unemotional boy friends who not only refuse to *boop-oop-a-doop*, but won't even *pup-up-a-dup*. In "Sweetie" she tells the tale of her lackadaisical Romeo in a tune called "He's So Unusual," and it is one of the best things she has ever done.

Stanley Smith displays a thoroughly wholesome screen personality as Pel-



*If the tenants lived up to the names of their apartment houses.*





## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

NOVEMBER 6 — Awake betimes, and at the classified advertisements in the journals, thinking I might find therein the extra visiting servant which I have decided to add to our household, but I was bewildered by the wording of those announcements which sounded best, their appeals being to semi-invalids, business couples, motherless homes, etc., to say nought of my doubts of our qualifying as "a refined Christian family." But there was one maid who had thought to put in her notice that she was an expert tea-cup reader, which did impress me more than all claims of gentility or length of service with last employers, and I do mean to look her up at once. Lunched on a fine vegetable salad and two Swedish wafers, and then to see "Sweet Adeline" again, having an aisle seat in the front row, and when Charles Butterworth did come down in his rôle to sit next me, I slipped him a piece of paper threatening Mistress Irene Franklin with a back-stage visit, which I did make, and met Mistress Helen Morgan, which I was glad of, for it gave me the chance to ask her the question with which my mother has been tormenting me for six months, about her having been born in Danville, Ill., and she said that she had been, and had lived on Madison Street, along which I used to walk to my school, so now mayhap my mother, after I tell her, will get a little sleep at night. To tea at the Smith College Club, where there was a great company, and I told them how Mr. Walter Winchell had said that with every five shares of Goldman-Sachs now, you get a revolver, and they did also like the one about the clubman who had answered so many calls for margin that he trembled and turned pale when

a telegram was handed him one afternoon, and then burst into guffaws upon reading it, whereupon witnesses demanded its contents, and he quoth, "Nothing serious. My father just dropped dead."

but since I stood there feeling like Cortez when he first glimpsed the Pacific, I ordered it sent home straightway, and later when I told Samuel how I had shared Keats' sentiments upon first looking into Chapman's Homer, and that I was going to save all my bridge winnings and not get a new evening wrap in order to cover my extravagance, he did remark that there was another sonnet by Keats from which I might get more profitable inspiration, which does begin:

*"When I have fears that I may  
cease to be*

*Before my pen has glean'd my  
teeming brain," etc.*

NOVEMBER 7—  
Lay late, pondering many things, in especial the folly of making sweeping, emphatic statements, such as, "This is the last time you will ever see me" and "I'm never going to take another drink!" and so up and out to buy a backgammon board, for Lord! if the traffic is such that we no longer think of going to the playhouse at night, some provision must be made against the winter evenings which will soon be upon us. And unfortunately as I was leaving the shop, I did see hanging on a wall the bedroom rug of which I have always dreamed, and albeit it was not so costly as I had expected, it was far more than I could afford to lay out,

and that it might not be a bad idea for me to sit down and do a little work, but the difficulty is that my brain has not teemed for a long time with ideas suitable for copy, and when I should be doing a stint of writing, I must needs be seeing somebody off on a boat or going out to get voile for undercurtains, so that at times I do almost wish I were a bootlegger, or in some other profession in which adventure and routine are happily combined. But since rumor has it that Robert Browning often tied his ankles to his desk, mayhap something, sometime, will change me into a paragon of industry.



BARTENDER: What gave you the idea that we sold liquor?

# Confidential Guide



## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings)

### Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Elmer Rice's intensely interesting drama of a malodorous side-street.
- ★LET US BE GAY. *Little*. \$4.40—Francine Larrimore meeting up with an ex-husband in an amusing comedy by Rachel Crothers.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—British officers waiting in a dug-out for Death.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.85—Jolly little comedy set in an English inn; by John Drinkwater.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—After all, there isn't anything quite so funny as biogenesis.
- ★GAMBLING. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The Yankee Doodle Dandy doing some good work in a comedy-murder.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The most civilized comedy in town, and, at the same time, the most thoroughly enjoyable.
- ★ROPE'S END. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Leander and Lobb, of Mayfair, try a new thrill, viz., murder.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—It is fascinating to watch the stations go by, if you are sick of murder.
- SEE NAPLES AND DIE. *Eltinge*—What the Italians have to put up with around the Bay of Naples.
- ★CANDLE-LIGHT. *Empire*. \$4.40—Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen and Ernest Glendening tossing *bons mots* hither and yon.
- ★THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National*. \$3.85—You'd think people wouldn't want to see a grim drama with a moral these days—but this one is different.
- ★JENNY. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—They want to see this thing, too—but that is because Jane Cowl is the star.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—They are building a grandstand in 44th Street to take care of the extra customers who want to laugh at this comedy of song-writers.
- ★THE CHANNEL ROAD. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Mau-passant's "Boule de Suif" with Siegfried Rumann doing a neat bit of acting.
- ★LADIES OF THE JURY. *Erlanger's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mrs. Fiske manages to make the speculators forget the shirts they left in Wall Street.
- THE SILVER TASSIE. *Greenwich Village*—Moving in spots, if you can master the brogue.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—Leslie Howard in a delightful voyage to XVIIIth century London.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The triumph of a henpecked husband (Donald Meek), by the author of "The Criminal Code."

★CAPONSACCHI. *Hampden*. \$3.85—Walter Hampden's fourth revival of the tragedy based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

CROSS ROADS. *Morosco*—The vital urge interfering with studies in college; also by the author of "The Criminal Code," Martin Flavin.

THUNDER IN THE AIR. *Forty-ninth Street*—The return of the dead to earth.

★SWEET ADELIN. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—Helen Morgan and Charles Butterworth love each other and are to be married, but Irene Franklin, who also loves Charles, tells him that Helen loves another man and that she is a horse-thief. This leads to a misunderstanding which is not patched up until the finale.

★THE STREET SINGER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Guy Robertson and Queenie Smith love each other and are to be married, but Andrew Tombes, who also loves Queenie, tells her that Guy loves another girl and that he is a horse-thief. This leads to a misunderstanding which is not patched up until the finale.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—A great big revue with Frances Williams, Willie Howard and Mr. White.

★A WONDERFUL NIGHT. *Majestic*. \$5.50—A great big revival of "Die Fledermaus" with Gladys Baxter.

★BITTER SWEET. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Gerald Nordin and Evelyn Laye love each other and are to be married, but Desmond Jeans, who also loves Evelyn, tells her that Gerald loves another girl and that he is a horse-thief. This leads to a misunderstanding which is not patched up until the finale.

(Continued on Page 28)

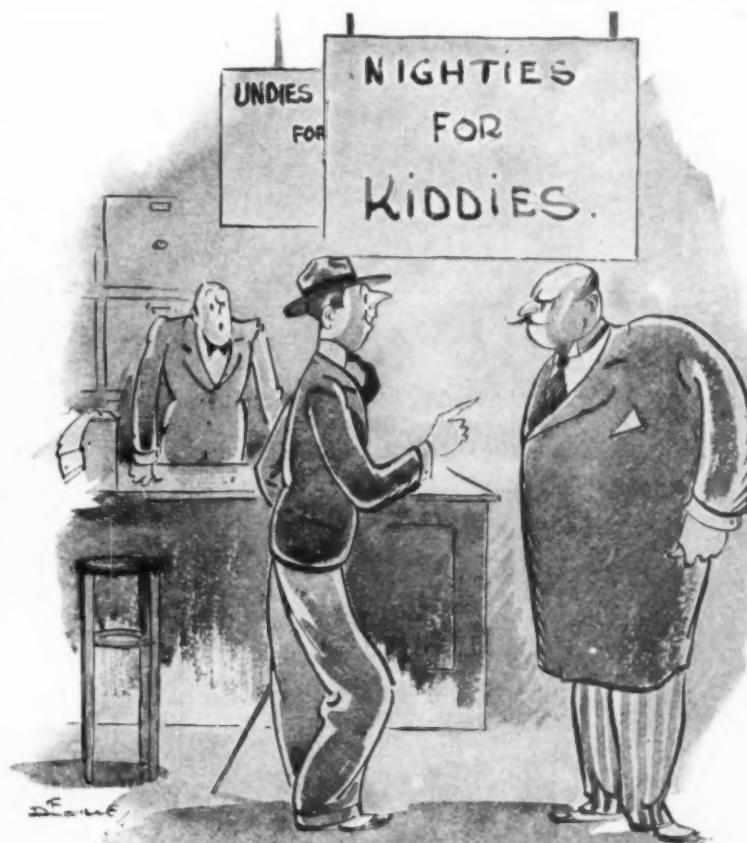
### Eye and Ear

★FOLLOW THRU. *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—John Barker and Madeline Cameron love each other and are to be married, but Jack Haley, who also loves Madeline, tells her that John loves another girl and that he is a horse-thief. This leads to a misunderstanding which is not patched up until the finale.

★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—A great big revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen.

HOT CHOCOLATES. *Hudson*—A great big revue from Darktown.

★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*. \$5.50—A great big revue with Will Mahoney.



"Er—have you any booties for 'genties'?"

## HAVE WOMEN A SENSE OF HUMOR?



The Women's Press Club of New York, through the pages of *LIFE*, are giving the Women of America a chance to prove they have a sense of humor. This nation-wide contest, starting Nov. 1, will run for twelve weeks and \$1,000 in prizes will be offered by the Women's Press Club for the cleverest material submitted during that time by a woman. The cleverest pieces will be printed in *LIFE* and regular rates will be paid for these in addition to the prizes.

The Prizes will be as follows: First Prize—\$500; Second Prize—\$250; Third Prize—\$100; and six Fourth Prizes of \$25 each. The following is a list of the judges:

Carolyn Wells  
Baird Leonard  
William Allen White  
Margaret Sanger  
Mary Roberts Rinehart

Donald Ogden Stewart  
O. O. McIntyre  
Rupert Hughes  
Kathleen Norris  
Irvin S. Cobb

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Beatrice B. Beecher, Women's Press Club Editor, *LIFE*, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. To insure safe return of Manuscripts enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by *LIFE*'s artists. Articles and essays must not be longer than 250 words.

THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT STARTS  
IN NEXT WEEK'S *LIFE*.

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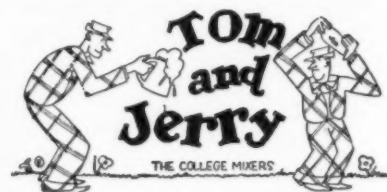
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Now sometimes folks we go to classes  
And hark to profs with horn-rim  
glasses.

Who spiel out lectures in great wads  
of prehistoric gastropods.

A guy sure has to be quite brave,  
To listen to some dumb prof rave.

We're not so hot for books and things  
Who cares if reptiles once had wings?

So if the lecture gets too boring

We drown the prof out with our  
snoring. —Eggleston.

"Another new dress! Where am I  
to get the money to pay for it?"

"I don't know. I'm your wife, not  
your financial adviser." —Tit-Bits.

BOBBY: Tom Gray's been turned  
down by three girls in succession.

NOBBY: By Jove! He'd better look  
out, or his luck will change.

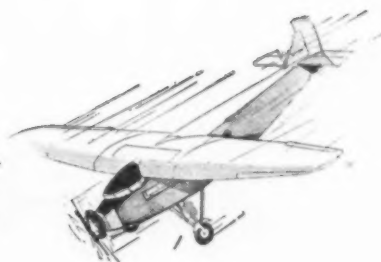
—Answers.

"If I work late at night," says a  
novelist, "I invariably have difficulty in  
getting to sleep afterwards." It is only  
our desire to be helpful that makes us  
suggest that he should try reading over  
what he has been writing.

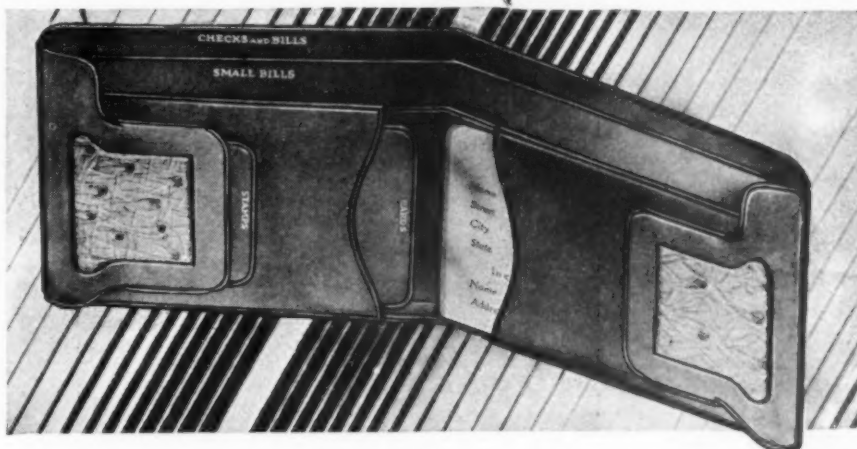
—Humorist.



S  
SPEEDY  
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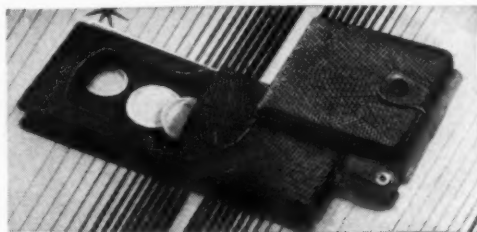


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# BUXTON BILL-TAINERS

## Not a stitch to rip or tear

## LIFE'S Ticket Service

\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

\*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

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### Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$ Enclosed

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 25)

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Harold Lambert sings a chorus in this that ought to make Rudy Vallee worry a bit.

'Twas NOT SO LONG AGO ..... Not so hot.  
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Bigger and brighter than ever.

Seventy-six pages of the best LIFE has to offer.

Watch the newsstands. It will knock your eye out.

### Look for the Silver Lining!

and  
by the way,

Why not give your friends this year a gift that will give them real satisfaction and cause them to remember you pleasantly the whole year round... a subscription to LIFE? It can easily be done by filling in the coupon below. An attractive Christmas card with a picture by Charles Dana Gibson and your name on it will be sent announcing your gift.

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## Bum

(Continued from Page 7)

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"Are you all right, old man?"

"Sure, I'm all—" Sweeney broke off in the middle of his sentence to stare at a great car that was approaching the awning. "Sure I'm—come here, Tom. Come with me quick, I want to..." Tom couldn't hear the rest for Sweeney had run under the awning. He stood stupefied with horror as he saw his friend speak to the young girl who stepped out of the great car. Tom had never seen anything like her; like her wrap. "Black tailed rabbit fur," he told his wife later. Tom Farragut had never known before that women's hair sometimes grew in waves and had diamonds in it.

He ran forward and grabbed Mike by the coat sleeve, but was shaken off. He wondered vaguely why the girl hadn't told the doorman to have them arrested. Then he realized that Mike was actually talking to her and being listened to.

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Sweeney pointed to Farragut with a palsied hand.

"My father?" The girl laughed a little nervously, "I thought everyone in New York knew Gerald Barton was my father."

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"Not him; not the guy who adopted you! I mean your own dad!"

The girl's lips curved upward. Farragut saw her shudder before she drew herself up very straight and said:

"If you mean the low hound who was responsible for the first ten horrible years of my life, his name was Sweeney! Pretty, isn't it?"

She swept on into the restaurant then, gathering her wrap close about her white shoulders.

Farragut stood stunned for the moment.

"God, Mike!" he cried. "I'm sorry about this afternoon! How could I know you had a—but how—Gerald Barton adopted your daughter! How in God's name did you manage it?"

Sweeney suddenly looked very old. "I was Barton's partner once—they wouldn't let me raise her."

Farragut was almost too astonished to gasp, "Why not?"

"Gin," said Sweeney.

## Cool comfort in shaves is Ingram's platform to men!



(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

A SMOOTH, stingless shave is Ingram's promise to all men who've suffered a razor's needle-like jabs and its fiery skin-pricks.

For Ingram's is cool... cool... COOL... COOL! It's different—it's unique—it's better.

*Never mind your Whiskers,  
think about your Face!*

Ingram's is the shaving cream that was planned from the start to make shaving a stingless, bracing delight and to leave a clear, fresh feeling to the skin through the rest of the day.

You will need no lotions when you use Ingram's. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin freshener

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Don't fail to try Ingram's! Your face will be grateful all your life.

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SHAVING CREAM**

*"Never mind your Whiskers,  
think about your Face"*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-119  
110 Washington St., New York

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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DON'T be annoyed, when your favorite smoke begins to sour a bit. Take a little word of wisdom — Squibb's Dental Cream will spruce it right up again.

Squibb's is a grand thing for smokers. The tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia it deposits in the mouth crevices, keep your mouth sweet and healthy—your breath pleasant.

Use Squibb's Dental Cream — see for yourself how it keeps your smoking taste keen and alive. All drug stores carry it. 40c a generous tube.

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## GUARD THE DANGER LINE



SCOT'S MOTHER (to grandfather): *The bairn ought to be at his books. Ye'll destroy his mind wi' yer freevolus goin's-on.*

—Punch, by permission.

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(Continued from Page 22)

will doubtless do much better things, and Mr. Egan may become a likeable screen actor if he will give up being so violently pleasant.

We are certain that if Director George Archainbaud had not been in such a hurry he might have done a more acceptable job.

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"I always give a new song-hit six months," says a critic. It usually deserves it, too.

—Passing Show.

A man is reported to have been cured of deafness while looking at a talking picture. It seems very hard luck that the cure should happen just then.

—London Opinion.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### CROWN LAVENDER

SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-24 Cooper Square, New York.

Prize Winners of LIFE'S  
Cross Word Picture  
Puzzle No. 11



FARMER: *You can't fool me, you're up in a balloon.*

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

I. Martin,  
2167 Dundas Street,  
Vancouver, Canada.

*LIFE's influence on electoral politics;  
the farmer is no longer fooled by gas-  
bags.*

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Mrs. C. M. Deakins,  
306 Alvarado Street,  
Balboa, Calif.

*Merely further evidence of the rea-  
son why some farmers need relief.*

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Louis O. deRonge,  
645 Farmington Avenue,  
Hartford, Conn.

*The answer was in the bag.*

4th Prize, of \$10.00 won by

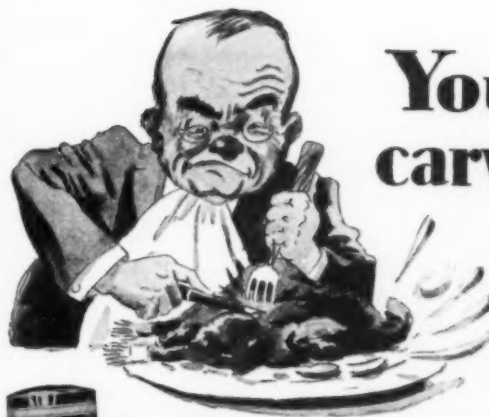
Mrs. Rolla E. Beck,  
1705 Cullom Street,  
Birmingham, Ala.

*A city slicker, dern his hide,  
Tryin' to take me for a ride.*

**Look for the  
Silver Lining!**

Answers to Anagrams  
on page 12

- (1) Release.
- (2) Actress.
- (3) Umpire.
- (4) Stadium.
- (5) Chorus.
- (6) Rotten.



**You can't  
carve a turkey  
with a  
fountain  
pen —**

**but**

a Waterman's is the thing to use when you write the folks and say you'll be on hand for the Thanksgiving dinner. For millions of people, the possession of a Waterman's is cause enough in itself for thanksgiving.

If you have never used a Waterman's you have yet to experience the real joy that comes from writing with a perfect pen.

A stainless hard-rubber holder—light, resilient, and perfectly balanced to the hand—is one of the many famous Waterman's features.

A safety self-filling device makes filling a matter of seconds, and protects against the accidental discharge of ink. The ink capacity is more than ample for all ordinary requirements.

Waterman's No. 7 is the newest and most appealing idea in fountain pens. There are seven different pen points to choose from—each identified with a different color band on the cap.

Ask any dealer to show you Waterman's No. 7 and select the point that best suits your style of writing.

*Guaranteed forever against all defects*

**Waterman's**

GIVE LASTING CAUSE for THANKFULNESS

## HAVE WOMEN A SENSE OF HUMOR?



The Women's Press Club of New York, through the pages of LIFE, are giving the Women of America a chance to prove they have a sense of humor. This nation-wide contest, starting Nov. 1, will run for twelve weeks and \$1,000 in prizes will be offered by the Women's Press Club for the cleverest material submitted during that time by a woman. The cleverest pieces will be printed in LIFE and regular rates will be paid for these in addition to the prizes.

The Prizes will be as follows: First Prize—\$500; Second Prize—\$250; Third Prize—\$100; and six Fourth Prizes of \$25 each. The following is a list of the judges:

Carolyn Wells  
Baird Leonard  
William Allen White  
Margaret Sanger  
Mary Roberts Rinehart

Donald Ogden Stewart  
O. O. McIntyre  
Rupert Hughes  
Kathleen Norris  
Irvin S. Cobb

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Beatrice B. Beecher, Women's Press Club Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. To insure safe return of Manuscripts enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by LIFE's artists. Articles and essays must not be longer than 250 words.

THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT STARTS  
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIFE.

## LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR

Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and increasingly in demand. It makes a most welcome holiday gift for all who love dogs. Most of us do, and, anyway,

Everybody loves LIFE's dogs.

6 Sheets in colors, 10 x 14, Price One Dollar.

To LIFE,  
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New York, N. Y.

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Name .....

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November 29, 1929

Vol. 94

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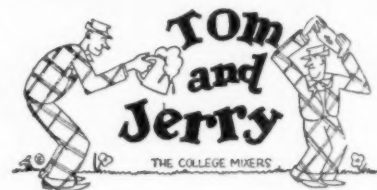
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Yearly Subscription Rate \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.60.



Now sometimes folks we go to classes  
And hark to profs with horn-rim  
glasses.

Who spiel out lectures in great wads  
of prehistoric gastropods.

A guy sure has to be quite brave,  
To listen to some dumb prof rave.  
We're not so hot for books and things  
Who cares if reptiles once had wings?  
So if the lecture gets too boring  
We drown the prof out with our  
snoring. —Eggleston.

"Another new dress! Where am I  
to get the money to pay for it?"

"I don't know. I'm your wife, not  
your financial adviser." —Tit-Bits.

BOBBY: Tom Gray's been turned  
down by three girls in succession.

NOBBY: By Jove! He'd better look  
out, or his luck will change.

—Answers.

"If I work late at night," says a  
novelist, "I invariably have difficulty in  
getting to sleep afterwards." It is only  
our desire to be helpful that makes us  
suggest that he should try reading over  
what he has been writing.

—Humorist.





An open, dark-colored wallet with multiple compartments. The left side has a 'CHECKS AND BILLS' section at the top and a 'SMALL BILLS' section below it. The right side features a 'COIN' slot, a 'CARD' slot, and a 'STAMP' slot. The wallet is shown lying flat on a surface with a diagonal striped pattern.

Large and small bills kept separate—checks and cards in special compartments—an ingenious little case for stamps—and a double-window pocket for licenses, visible both sides. Patented “sliding” and stitchless construction prevents annoying buckles and bulges.



Last word in combined accommodation for bills, coins and cards, is this "Tri-Tainer" model of the Bill-Tainer. Small, flexible, easily handled. Clasp holds it securely closed. Several handsome leathers—\$2.50 and up.

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(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$ ..... Enclosed

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—London Opinion.

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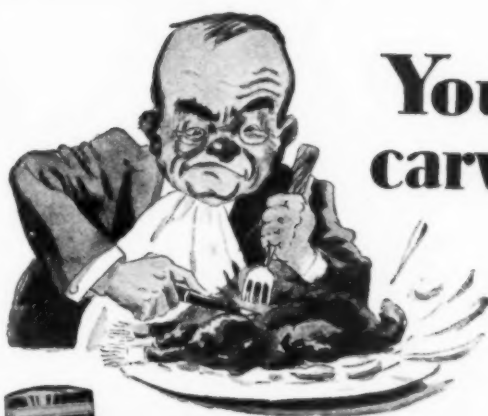
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At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co. 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

## Look for the Silver Lining!

(1) Release.  
(2) Actress.  
(3) Umpire.  
(4) Stadium.  
(5) Chorus.  
(6) Rotten.



**You can't  
carve a turkey  
with a  
fountain  
pen —**



***Guaranteed forever against all defects***

# Waterman's

## GIVE LASTING CAUSE *for* THANKFULNESS

# LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzles \$100.00 in Prizes Every Week

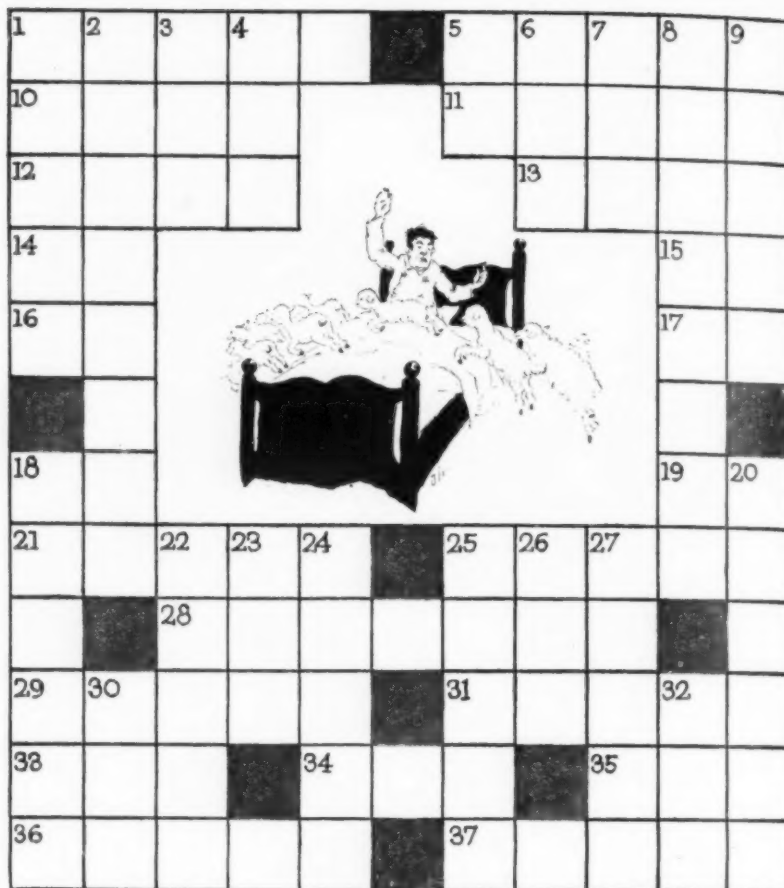
1st Prize \$50.00  
2nd Prize \$25.00  
3rd Prize \$15.00  
4th Prize \$10.00

LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle, see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.


After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will be awarded to the person giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. *This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, December 13.*

## Puzzle No. 16



Winners of this Puzzle will appear in the Jan. 3, 1930, issue.



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Here is .....dollars. Mail .....calendars to .....

### HORIZONTAL

1. This gives you that dreamy feeling.
5. This implies understanding.
10. The call of the wild.
11. No smart girl goes to dinner this way.
12. The kind who use a straight-arm in the subway rush.
13. Part of a church.
14. A conjunction.
15. A good place to keep your shirt.
16. Providence put this place on the map. (abbr.)
17. This is full of words. (abbr.)
18. The girls hate to put this on. (abbr.)
19. Part of the verb to be.
21. Something to the good.
25. To test.
28. The jam that Mother makes today.
29. You do this when your case comes to trial.
31. This rides to the battle.
33. Definite article.
34. The only colorful thing about some men.
35. A cheerful sound.

36. Stenographer's luncheons.
37. What a good 5-cent cigar does.

### VERTICAL

1. It's wrong to make this.
2. Cooks make money on these.
3. To possess. (past tense)
4. Before.
5. Two of these means "Goodbye."
6. A southern state. (abbr.)
7. Don't get a ticket from a speculator—or this fellow.
8. This makes a wide-awake young man.
9. The girls hate to leave these behind them.
18. Opportunities grasped by youth.
20. What dieters aspire to be.
22. What the Knight and the Princess eloped on.
23. A period.
24. Pastry. (Plu.)
25. When you think of a snappy comeback.
26. Title of respect.
27. This tells the winner.
30. A pronoun.
32. This has a shady reputation.



# WILLYS-KNIGHT'S CUSTOM BEAUTY AND SLEEVE-VALVE POWER



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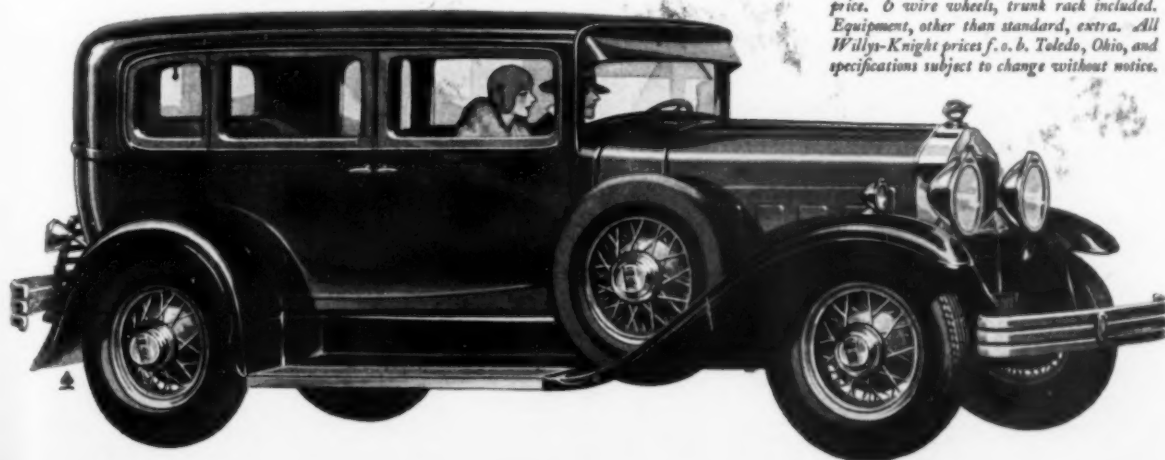
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every play. Go into a huddle with  
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and you're all set.*

